Leda

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Leda

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Hannibal and Will explore kinks, fantasies and being in a Dom/sub relationship as they continue to see each other after their encounter at the club.

Notes

Sequel to Just Fuck Me Into Subspace and inspired by this long ago post by Nephila, with some badgering from Vix_Spes...

Leda

“I am so pleased to be able to bring you here finally.” Hannibal’s voice was low and the words were practically purred against Will’s ear as they walked from the car to the house on the bluff.

The style wasn’t something Will would have immediately expected of Hannibal - his office and his home in Baltimore were rich and extravagant, a mix of modern and old fashioned. This wasn’t quite the same as those, but it was perhaps no less extravagant. The eclectic edition of a couple of mid-century pieces to the mostly modern furniture, made the place fit completely into Hannibal’s aesthetic, to Will’s eye.

As beautiful as the setting was, they weren’t there to enjoy their surroundings, at least not in that respect.

After the night at the club, they had begun seeing each other. Given Will’s proclivity for pain without submission, it had never quite been a Dom/sub relationship in the strictest sense. But they had provided for each other what they needed, and had enjoyed it a great deal.

It was Hannibal who noted at first the lack of more substance. He wanted a more traditional relationship with Will, and Will had been hesitant at first. They had become close by necessity and it wasn’t like they hadn’t already become friendly during their sessions. In fact Will would have called them friends before the club even happened. And of course, the club had happened because he wanted Hannibal. Wanted Hannibal to give him the pain he craved.

But navigating an actual relationship wasn’t something Will had been sure he wanted, as much as he liked Hannibal. Relationships were complicated and messy. But… Hannibal knew all the complicated sides of him and still wanted him. It had been worth the attempt.

Dating and trying to establish something deeper between them whilst still carrying on an active bdsm relationship didn’t work out. It muddled Will’s head too much - they were already having to keep work and the rest of this whole thing separate.

So they agreed to exclusively explore a non bdsm relationship.

And at first it had worked, it had been amazing. Will had shied from being wined and dined and yet Hannibal knew him well enough to know exactly how to woo him, to coax him around his insecurities.

The first time they had sex after they had started actually dating, it had been amazing.

They’d had dinner at Hannibal’s house and Will hadn’t actually intended to stay, but then he’d helped Hannibal clear the plates, and then they were kissing in the kitchen. Then they were making out in the study and then making love on the chaise.

Will was ready for them to reintroduce the lifestyle, more than that - he was craving it. Work wasn’t getting any easier and now that he’d opened that door again, he craved what scening gave him. What Hannibal gave him.

And so Hannibal had brought him here.

A little getaway place he owned, complete with playroom. Coming out here was an agreement - a way for them to keep these two parts of their life separate when they were already trying to draw a line between workplace professional and dating, and Will liked that. It gave them space to explore and push boundaries, in seclusion to their rest of their lives.

Even as Hannibal was showing him around, his cock was already filling in anticipation of what was to come.

Hannibal saved the playroom for last, showing Will the main living areas, the bedroom, where the bathrooms were. It was a modest size considering Hannibal's Baltimore house, and Will wondered if the entire purpose was just somewhere to have a playroom. Especially once he saw it, much more well equipped than the spare room they had used on occasion at Hannibal's home.

The fact that the house was so isolated and that the windows looked soundproofed, sent a thrilled tingle up Will's spine.

He remained in a state of agitated interest whilst they prepared and ate a light dinner and drank some wine as the evening descended. And he knew Hannibal was aware of this - drawing out the inevitable encounter. Where Will would have been happy to head immediately to the playroom on their arrival, Hannibal would want to tease Will a little. He was likely just as keen, but was clearly savouring the light torture this was causing for Will. He couldn't imagine Hannibal had missed the fact that he'd been in various states of arousal since the car pulled up outside.

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Will moaned as he felt the rope bite into his skin as it was tightened, leaning into the rack that tilted him at an angle and left him looking at the floor.

They hadn't done this in a long while. And what's more, as Hannibal had promised him that night at the club, it was the first thing they *had* done after that night.

"I want to strap you to a rack, give you the pain you crave and fuck you as hard as you wish, rough if you prefer. And then I will tend to your wounds, bathe you if you'd let me, take you to my bed and, when you're rested, I would like to make love with you."

Just remembering his words all these months later made Will shiver.

He wasn't expecting the love making this time, no this was pure play. But that didn't stop his dick throbbing at the memory of that first night together after the club.

This felt like a first night too.

This was the first of their three nights here, heading back to Baltimore on the morning of the fourth day, and Will wanted to make the most of it.

Will had been looking forward to this all week.

And not just the pain, but to be at Hannibal's mercy again. It had been hard to give it up before, even knowing he could have it again, any time he asked. But now he was kind of glad he had, because the anticipation was almost pain in itself.

"Doctor Lecter…" The name issued forth as a whine as Hannibal pulled the ropes completely tight in order to secure them. It was a perfect, pained stretch. "Fuck me…"

Hannibal chuckled at Will's breathless demand and spanked a flat, hard palm across his ass, to which Will rocked into the rack, causing another whine of delighted and agonised frustration.

"Not in a position to be giving orders, are we Mr Graham. Perhaps it's been too long since we did this? Perhaps you've forgotten your manners?"

Will panted a laugh, the sweat already sticking his hair to his forehead and dripping down into his eyes.

"Maybe your previous lessons haven't been as effective as you'd hoped, Doctor." Will taunted and received another sharp slap for his insolence.

He loved this. God, he loved this!

He loved the way Hannibal put up with his shit. He'd played with other Doms before but never in the long term and this was part of the reason. He wasn't an easy sub. In fact it could probably be argued he wasn't a sub at all. He wanted the pain and he was willing to submit for it. In the long term, many Doms weren't on board with that. It wasn't what they wanted out of a mutually satisfying arrangement. They wanted a submissive, and even those who didn't mind meting out the pain for little infringements, didn't want someone who would constantly backchat them and only submit on their own terms.

Hannibal however, loved it. It suited him.

He made it very clear to Will, over and over, both in words and actions, that Will being contrary didn't bother him in the least. He liked the playfulness of being able to punish Will for it, and really did love handing out a good spanking. But as great a Dom as Hannibal was, he wasn't in it to dominate in the way many he'd played with in the past were.

Sure he liked inflicting the pain, but it was clearly always because he knew Will enjoyed receiving it. More than that - that Will wanted and needed it. Hannibal just wanted to give subs what they needed from him, and Will had the feeling that that had never more so been true than with himself.

In and out of the playroom, Hannibal wanted to give Will everything.

And it was, surprisingly, not as suffocating as Will had imagined it might be.

He let out a gasp of pain as the rack shifted, pulling him taut. They hadn't used one in a while so Hannibal wasn't going to really stretch him tonight, Will knew. But the burn of even this little bit was enough to keep Will hard.

“Doctor…” Will sighed his name, an edge of pain there and Hannibal let out a responding hum of approval.

Always so formal in these situations, it almost felt like the most perverse thing about it.

“Are you enjoying this Mr Graham? It’s been too long since I had you at my mercy like this.”

Will let out a shuddering breath. Face down he had no idea what Hannibal was doing but he could hear him moving around.

They had discussed many times at length what their limits were and Will had readily agreed that as long as nothing was introduced beyond his limits, he would happily take what Hannibal would give him with no prior warning.

His cock was already drooling in anticipation. A crop? A flogger? Maybe he would spank him a while first?

Will’s breath hitched and a cry broke from his throat as he felt the heat. His arousal waned slightly for a few moments as his mind adjusted to what his body was feeling - the hot wax being dripped over his back. From a greater height it would be little more than a flash of heat - just a hint of what pain it could bring. But Hannibal held it closer, as close as he could without causing real damage. Close enough that Will was groaning with the burn, knowing it would leave sensitive, red patches across his back, his ass, his thighs.

“You are exquisite when you’re in pain, breathtaking,” Hannibal muttered. He leaned in close, his words a hot breath against Will’s ear, “How delightfully pleasing you will be when I flog over these love marks.”

Will sobbed and tried not to come.

*

“Will, how do you feel about somnophilia?” Hannibal dropped the question into the dinner conversation as though they were discussing the weather.

Far from being shocked by anything Hannibal might say or do at this point, Will’s first reaction was to grin and then let out a soft chuckle as Hannibal’s face creased in concentration whilst he plated the meat.

Will raised a brow and adjusted himself in the chair, his ass and back still smarting in the most wonderful way from the evening before.

“I’m… not opposed. Not something I’d much thought about before,” Will responded, taking a sip of his wine whilst intently and intensely watching Hannibal over the rim. “Who did you envisage would be the slumbering party in this tryst?”

“That, I had pictured as you, but if you’d prefer-”

“No, no, I’m more than willing to… explore.” Will took another drink and gave a nod of thanks as Hannibal placed the food in front of him. “Can I ask what your *interest* is in this? Is

it the thought of a slumbering, near lifeless body, or the idea of a lack of consent."

Hannibal licked his lips and sucked his lower lip between his teeth, holding it there a moment before releasing it as he considered Will's question, "The latter."

Will cocked a questioning brow, admittedly surprised by the response, which Hannibal observed with a slight twitch of a smile on his lips. He had never before expressed an interest in any sort of non-con play.

"It is… rather more involved, if you'll indulge me?"

"By all means," Will allowed, setting his wine down and giving Hannibal his full attention.

"A while ago I came into possession of a rather beautiful toy that I have not yet had chance to make use of. At the time I acquired it because it pleased me aesthetically, but it was some time before I realised the connection to other pieces of art in my posession," He paused for a moment and tilted his head in question, "Are you familiar with the myth of Leda and the Swan?"

Will shook his head as he replied, "Vaguely, it's a Greek Myth."

"Quite so, it is the myth of a mortal woman seduced by Zeus whilst he is in the form of a swan."

"Kinky in itself," Will mused with an indulgent smile that Hannibal returned.

"And in this scenario, you wish for me to play the part of Leda, and you the swan, or more accurately the King of the Gods." Will clarified with a tease, intrigued as to what the toy could be that would transform Hannibal in such a way.

"Yes, I'm not wishing to stick strictly to the myth, but to a fantasy of my own, if you'd be willing…" Hannibal's hesitation was manufactured as he continued, "She bore Zeus's children, whilst at the same time bearing her husband's children. So later myths would have it. I, of course, would not expect you to beget my young."

"I'm relieved to hear it," Will took another sip of wine, grinning against the glass. Discussions on a vast number of topics with Hannibal were often amusing and entertaining, and this was far from an exception. "I'm still not sure how I feel about oviposition, so that option is off the table for now."

Hannibal could barely hide his smile - Will always enjoyed when that happened - and then he inclined his head in agreement. Of course the man had considered that as part of this scenario, and of course Will had anticipated it.

Will's lips picked up into a smile. There was something quite wonderful about Hannibal wanting to enact a specific fantasy of his own. He had never shared anything quite as personal before, and it surely gave Hannibal a strange kind of vulnerability considering Will would be the one ravaged.

"You think I need to be asleep for you to truly dominate me."

Hannibal hesitated then in picking up his glass, as though he truly hadn't considered that but now very much was.

"Sometimes you know my own mind better than I do," He admitted, "I believe there may be an element of that."

Will scoffed into his wine, which Hannibal chose to ignore.

"Leda wasn't sleeping," Will ventured, "But you want me to be. The full consensual, non-consensual works."

"As I said, my fantasy differs a little from the myth. One could argue that the way Zeus seduced was non-consensual. He had a power over these women that made them compliant, they might as well have been sleeping."

"Ah! You're not confident that you could bewitch me?" Will challenged good naturedly.

Hannibal raised a brow, "I'm more concerned that the tables would be turned. I've never made a secret of the power you hold over me, Will."

Will blushed and raised his glass to drink, hide his reddening face and stall.

"I propose a light sedation, perhaps some psilocybin mushroom if you'd be willing, and of course you would be thoroughly prepared first. My hope is that you will wake during-"

"And be so besotted with my God King that I would in effect have been seduced."

Hannibal's jaw tightened and Will wondered if he was getting hard. He was almost tempted to toe off a shoe and seek evidence in Hannibal's lap.

"Sedation, preparation, then you will seduce me as a swan and I will wake, passionately willing to bear your young."

Hannibal let out a shuddering breath, his eyes dark.

"The mushrooms… I don't like being in an altered state…" Will reminded Hannibal of something he was sure to be aware of already. Subspace was one thing, but not being in control of his mental state gave Will a great deal of concern.

Hannibal inclined his head slightly, "I anticipated only a small amount, if you trust-"

"Would you like it Hannibal? You do so much for me, give me the pain I crave… I *need*. The least I can do is indulge your fantasy." Will set down his wine and used the napkin to dab at his lips before rising. He walked around the table until he stood next to Hannibal holding out a hand for him to take.

"Seduce me my God King."

*

Will woke with a motion.

A sway.

A gentle but firm press that had his hips rocking into the bed beneath him.

Knowledge of what was happening came to him slowly and made him moan, his cock instantly hardening and both the thought and the friction. He'd honestly had no idea he would find it so instantly arousing. But the thought of Hannibal having waited for him to sleep and then eased himself inside, taking advantage of his prone body as they had agreed, made him shiver.

It took him a moment, took the almost entire pulling out, the pause before pushing back in - to realise that it wasn't Hannibal inside him.

He felt a moment of panic then, wondering how terribly this could have gone wrong. How he had and would never make himself vulnerable like this for someone other than Hannibal. Hannibal who he trusted entirely, who he…

The push back in was cool enough to make him shiver again but at the physical sensation this time.

The toy, it was a toy. Whatever it was, it was the thing that had inspired Hannibal's fantasy.

The sedation had left him heavy, everything blurred and askew from the mushrooms. His limbs were like lead and movement didn't come easily. The sensation of this wasn't appealing and Will whimpered, squirming slightly, his erection flagging.

"Shhh," Hannibal's voice soothed and he felt a feather light touch against the base of his back. A soft hand that wasn't entirely Hannibal's. He was wearing soft, light gloves, and they felt at once alien and wonderful against Will's skin. "Let me have you, my darling Leda."

Will wanted to look behind him but movement made his head swim. Instead he tried to picture the scene from what he could feel, what he could imagine.

Hannibal was a great swan, his wings beating as he position himself behind Will and sheathed himself within him.

Will groaned at the push, his arousal mounting once more as his foggy mind alternated Hannibal and a swan, not brilliant white, but black with hungry red eyes.

Hannibal was gentle, as he was when they made love. And Will realised that was what this was, how he viewed it. But then, he had started to understand over time that even their scenes, even when he was inflicting pain upon Will's willing flesh, Hannibal was making love.

He groaned again, feeling his cock leaking with his want, between the press of his flesh and the sheets below that felt rough in comparison to the soft hand that held him. It pressed against his lower back, effectively pinning him to the bed as Hannibal had his way with him.

“Want to see you…” Will managed to expel the words with a little effort. His mind was swimming and his grasp of reality fluctuating in a way that made him feel nauseous.

Hannibal withdrew and Will let out a sob at the loss even though he’d anticipated it.

Gentle hands moved over him then, one sliding from his back and the other moving around him, until he lay on his back, able to make out a looming figure in the darkness.

He was a man, but Will’s imagination provided more from the shadows across the room. Great wings sprouting from his back, black feathers across broad swaths of his pale skin, his hands black all the way up to his elbows.

His eyes red. Burning red, as he had known they would be.

Will couldn’t quite focus on him, or perhaps Hannibal wasn’t wholly there?

Hands were gliding over his skin, up and down his flanks, tender motions as he was positioned, a pillow pushed under his hips, his legs spread wide.

The swan filled his vision, taking up the entire room, shadows and all. Hannibal’s dark feathers expanding into every space as he loomed large before him.

The Hannibal-swan didn’t move forward, didn’t thrust into him but he felt it all the same and wondered if it was a trick of the light.

No, black hands were moving, barely visible, between his legs. Perhaps the swan’s penis was so large it needed to be guided in such a way?

Will’s head swam and it thumped back onto the pillows, no longer able to hold himself up enough to watch. Defeated by his confused mind and the way the swan glided over his prostate. The sensation was bizarre, slightly numb all over, he began to moan at the motion, at the thrusts. His hips were lifting to meet the swan and it seemed as though the whole room had been engulfed in feathers.

“Deeper, deeper…” Will begged, a slurred edge to his words as he sank into the fantasy, “sire your children…”

“Leda…” Hannibal’s voice was rough.

Will whined as he felt him pull away, felt the swan pull out of his body, leaving him empty.

He was about to protest but then he felt smooth hands hold him down, gripped against his arms. Then Hannibal was leaning over him, keeping his legs spread with the weight of his body as he slid into him.

And this was different.

Whereas before the swan had been cool and rigid, now he was filled with a firm warmth. With Hannibal.

Will's breath caught as the Hannibal-swan began to fuck into him, rough and deep. Pushing against him to fold him increasingly over, going increasingly deeper until Will couldn't speak. He could do nothing but lay there and take it.

His cock leaked at the thought. Not something he might ever have considered a turn on, nor something he would have thought Hannibal would be aroused by, they both were clearly having a strong reaction to this situation.

And he knew, even in his half fuzzed brain, that it wasn't the idea of this being non-consensual, even though a facsimile of it. It was as they had discussed - it was the thought of Will's submissiveness that aroused him. Not just in this way, but the fact that he submitted to the entire scenario.

And Will was loving it, especially as the tingle of feeling began to return to his body and Hannibal thrust harder and deeper to the point of pain.

"My King!" He cried out just before Hannibal's mouth covered his own and his body pressed him into the mattress so hard that Will could feel the cutting edge of sharp feathers. Could feel the dark wings enveloping him as Hannibal spilled inside his fertile body.

*

Will woke sore.

Everything hurt as though his body had been bent into new angles, held tight and then released. His ass felt sore, and he knew it was the roughest sex he'd had in a long while despite not having an entirely clear memory of it.

It'd had a dreamlike quality that Will had strangely enjoyed, despite not entirely being comfortable with losing control like that. But it had been with Hannibal and he knew that however vulnerable he was Hannibal would never hurt or betray him. He was a good Dom. He was a good man.

Will opened his eyes slowly, focusing even slower on the man laying next to him in the bed.

Just a man now, where the night before he had been a god in the form of a swan. The evidence of it went beyond Will's bruised body and to the valet stand across the room. There were draped long black gloves, and behind on the dresser, sat on a velvet case, was an exquisite silver dildo in the shape of a swan.

Will couldn't help but huff a laugh and shake his head. Way too infatuated to pretend that Hannibal's level of eccentricity wasn't maddeningly appealing.

Hannibal started to stir and Will took his hand, smiling as he decided to continue the good doctor's fantasy. He pulled Hannibal's hand onto his lower belly, holding it there as he whispered, "Perhaps your seed has taken root my king, but you should take me again, just in case."

Hannibal woke with a groan as Will grinned.

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